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Ink

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The beat her heart's beating
Has kept my seat seated
Dazed for days, saying,
How can I approach this?
Angel in danger of never being chosen
By a writer 'cause they're scared to stand beside her,
Or their interest is just to get inside her.
But in time, and in rhyme
I'll take you through my mind and you will find
The two alike and recognize
I'm neither.

When I find her, I'll hold her as my Capulet
She'll say she's glass,
I'll say you're what?
She'll start to laugh,
I'll start to blush,
But she will understand I understood enough
So education never debilitated or jaded my creation.
This hiatus from reality, developing through creativity
My ability to disregard what rules bring

And do things my own way.
Picking up treasures that others foolishly throw away.

With all of this conveyed within the blink of an eye
We fell in love with each other without time to say hi.
With no beginning I knew we would never end
Being lovers, lovers, laughers and afterwards best friends.

She handed me the pen
I knew what she wanted,
She desired
The sweet fire
Acquired
From being honest.
Started writing on her arm
And as the ink bled upon us
I saw that we were shooting stars
Born to follow comets.
Made a promise in that moment
She would never live lonely, and slowly,
Tears ran a river down her cold cheeks.

“Hold me”
she whispered,
But I wasn't listening,
Busy writing scriptures and glyphs upon this mistress.

Glanced at her eyes as I danced on her thighs
With the pen and began
Taking off the cloth.
So soft the gown
That had so long allowed
Gravity to hold her down
To this world that sold her out.

Underneath her wing bones I wrote born to fly,
Right across her left breast I wrote born to die,
On her shoulder blades it read I will carry the world,
On her throat I wrote that nobody is alone.
Each paw, see-saw
Representing the balance
Between the easiness of galaxies
And universal challenge.
On her stomach I penned out life is a struggle
And you are not getting anywhere without
getting in trouble.

Then I snapped the pen in half
Stuck the ends in my mouth,
Sucked the ink dry until the flow flowed out.
Pressed my lips against
Met no resistance
So we kissed and I've never felt so alive since.
Throughout all this
Not a single word spoke,
Dead silence as the world around us turned to smoke.
Suffocating I choked on the dark black ink,
Head pounding with her heart,
I couldn't even think.
Began to sink,
But the ground embraced me,
Tried to still my mind but my mind was still racing.
Gasped for breath as she left each step
Was a missed opportunity that I would never get.

I blacked out, and when I came around,
My inked angel was nowhere to be found.
Started wondering
Was it all a dream?
I fell in love
But never knew her name.

How could something so real not be real life?
Opened up my notebook then I realized;
She was not a she
But a ghost all along,
And though I was alone
I will always have this poem.

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